

East Oregonian

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The successful man, the man who makes the best use of his opportunities, is he who grows most in the direction of this larger life. If a man's soul shrivels with age; if his interests contract and his horizon narrows, he is a failure, though he may totter to the grave weighted with the prizes of earth. He who starts out with ideals and ends with pessimism, makes a botch of life; he may have grown rich, but he has also grown small. A man's success is sometimes like the ascent of a pyramid; the higher it gets the smaller it becomes. Exclusiveness is one of the signs of a bad society. A man starts at the bottom. The smell of the earth is upon him. Sweat is on his face. He is one of a multitude. The circle of his friendship is wide and genuine. But he succeeds; he climbs to some high place. Thereupon he shuns his old companions; he denies his poor relations. The impulse of the heart is no longer in the handshake. There is loss of the spirit of brotherhood in him. This is a miserable success. The man goes into moral bankruptcy to make a fortune.—Herbert S. Bigelow.

There will be very few stay-at-home voters in Pendleton tomorrow. Presidents and vice presidents are of small concern in the presence of prohibition.

The last shot of the campaign is always the nastiest, meanest and most cowardly. It reminds one of two boys who have just finished a fight, turning simultaneously to throw a brick bat at each other, as they run away.

If the next session of the legislature finds the portage commission still undecided as to the construction of the road, the money still lying idle in the treasury, the people doing nothing to help the matter along, and the railroads on hand with a strong lobby against the project, the bill will be repealed. Then both Washington and Oregon will wish they had not waited for the other to move.

The liberal victory in Canada means an emphatic indorsement of a progressive Canadian policy. Railroads will be fostered and encouraged, settlement will be invited and internal improvements will be made. The victory presages a period of great prosperity and success for the Americans within the Canadian border. It is a step toward ultimate annexation—one link in the chain of "manifest destiny" of the North American continent.

Once every nine months the Portland Oregonian has a spasm because the East Oregonian has christened the "East Oregonian" 30 years ago. Its peevish, idiotic anger over this fact is shown to be the cause of its abuse of the East Oregonian. Its alleged indignation at the exposure of its clandestine plans to put its impious fingers in the pockets of the Lewis and Clark fair fund is only skin deep, but this exposure served as a text for a periodical tirade against the name of the East Oregonian. Oregon is a big state. The English language is not patented by any pompous libertine whose chief claim to a literary individuality is comprised in the violence of its epithets and the seductive, mock-heraldic terms in which its mercenary creed is launched. The Oregonian might as well deny the East Oregonian the right to do business in Oregon as to deny it the right to choose two unpatented words of the English language, as its title. The success and progress of the East Oregonian, from a small beginning in the sagebrush district to its present proportions should cause the Portland paper to feel a flush of pride to think that at least in this one instance, the word "Oregonian" as applied to a news-

RUSSIAN ROTTENNESS.

Time and association reveal more clearly the inner rottenness of Russia. As Americans familiar with that government and its rulers, find courage to give their testimony to the world, darker and darker becomes the prospect for a firm and civilized government on the chaos of the Slav empire.

The present form of government is founded on principles inherently rotten at the core and is administered in turn by tyrants and imbeciles.

Andrew D. White, former American minister to Russia, has dared to give to the world the most startling truths concerning the utter weakness and instability of the empire and its rulers in an article in November Century.

The one instance cited giving an outline of Russia's treatment of Finland is sufficient to turn aside the last lingering spark of sympathy for the present imbecile czar. Of this subject Dr. White says:

"Take Russia's dealings with Finland. The whole thing is monstrous. It is both comedy and tragedy.

"Finland is by far the best developed part of the empire; it stands on a higher plane than do the other provinces, as regards every element of civilization. It has steadily been the most loyal of all the realms of the czar, nihilism and anarchy never having gained the slightest foothold there; yet sundry bigots, both military and ecclesiastical, have led the czar to violate his coronation oath with Finland; to make the simple presentation of a petition for redress of grievances, treason, the grievously wrong and grossly insult the whole people, to banish its best men and confiscate their property, to muzzle its press, to brutalize its peasantry and thus to lower the whole country to the level of the remainder of Russia."

Of the fluctuating, vacillating, incompetent administration of affairs, Dr. White says: "There is no chance for a really strong man to enforce his ideas. One day he may be in the ascendancy with the autocrat and the next, through the duplicity and influence of grand dukes, women, priests or courtiers the very extremely opposite ideas may become dominant."

Of the present czar it is said by a high authority to Dr. White: "He knows nothing of his empire or his people. He never goes out of his own house if he can help it."

This is the source of the blindly blundering policy that is leading Russia through disaster and disgrace. The end will be written on the Manchurian battlefields.

The Weston Normal School, as Eastern Oregon's only state institution, is growing at a more rapid rate than was ever anticipated by those who secured its establishment. Located in the heart of a settlement in Eastern Oregon, in a community having the best moral surroundings of any in the state, convenient to every portion of the country which it is intended to accommodate and graduating teachers of the highest standard, at a minimum cost, the normal school must be supported by the people of Eastern Oregon with unflinching zeal. Heretofore, Eastern Oregon teachers have spent their money and time in Western Oregon institutions, reached at great expense by long rail and stage lines. Now, the normal is at their doors; they get the same finished education, at as little cost, and save the great expense of travel. This is Eastern Oregon's only state institution. The expense of maintaining it is infinitesimal compared to the enormous appropriations for the state institution located in Western Oregon, and the need for increased facilities in Eastern Oregon is apparent to every observer. The coming session of the legislature must extend the educational advantages of this section of the state, if possible, by making the Weston Normal more able to handle the large patronage accorded it.

As a tribute to the completeness of Pendleton mercantile stocks, to the extremely low prices on all classes of goods, and to the extensive advertising of Pendleton merchants, the volume of mail order business done in this city is woefully small. No other city in the Northwest, having the same facilities for such trade, does as small volume as Pendleton. This is the highest tribute that can be paid to Pendleton merchants and their energy. Money heretofore going to swell the incomes of foreign concerns, now remains at home to go into increased stocks, increased salaries, increased improvements and correspondingly greater revenues from taxes. Readers are invited to study the advertisements of every firm represented in the columns of the East Oregonian. Every statement found there has a direct meaning for every person who must buy supplies for himself or his household. The ads are

path of the shopper. If the information they contain was not valuable, it would not be so persistently set before you.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE CZAR.

It is a relief to turn from the Russian officer to the Russian soldier. Ivan, poor fellow, with all his ignorance and stupidity, is a man of love. His simple, kindly nature, unswerving loyalty to czar and country who have done so little for him, unquestioning obedience to officers who take such little care for his welfare, never failing patience under reverses, unflinching courage in the presence of the enemy, generally uncomplaining attitude in misfortune, and quiet endurance of poor food and excessive fatigue, make him an almost heroic figure.

Unaccustomed to what he would consider ordinary comforts, he does not miss them; knowing nothing better, he is contented with his lot. Perhaps it is his deeply religious nature that enables him to bear so well the hardships put upon him. He would rather enter battle without food than without the blessing of the regimental priest, whose picturesque flowing robe and long, uncombed hair are to be met even on the firing line. Many priests wear the St. George cross, given only for gallantry under fire.

As a soldier, Ivan is fairly well drilled in ordinary marching evolutions and the manual of arms, for which he must thank his non-commissioned officers; but he apparently gets very little instruction in modern fighting tactics. Entirely destitute of personal initiative, he is apt to become practically helpless if he loses his officers.

He has a fairly good weapon, though inferior to the rifle used by the Japanese, but has been given little instruction how to use it. Target practice is expensive, and in an army the size of Russia's, the men get the minimum. In this war it has been noticeable that such infantry fire control as is displayed by the Russians is directed almost entirely by the non-commissioned officers, and its efficacy falls far below that of the Japanese.

The Russian soldier, too, is poorly supplied and clothed in comparison to those of most armies. His rations depend largely upon his foraging ability. When the war began his clothing was unsuitable for the requirements of modern conflict, but as time has gone by efforts are being made to remedy this.—Thomas F. Millard, in the November Scribner's.

TOGO'S NERVES STEADIED.

Admiral Togo, the commander-in-chief of the Japanese navy, whose prowess as a fighting man has won world-wide praise as a fighting man of late, comes from an old school of Nippon warriors. His naval education is of the best, and he has been trained in every way to be fearless, calm and a tireless fighter.

In his youth he and his fellow students at the naval academy were accustomed to attend an annual banquet. They sat at a circular table around a slowly revolving cannon loaded with a ball and trained to the level of their heads. The trigger was so arranged that it could be touched from a source outside of the banquet hall. That at some time during the banquet the cannon would be fired everyone at the table knew; but just when or in what direction it would be pointing was a mystery. Of course, there was a possibility that the ball might crash harmlessly between the heads of two banqueters, but it was equally probable that it might carry off the head of some student. Yet no one flinched. The chances were equal to all.

The picturesque object of destruction revolving during the jovial hours of the banquet, pointing from student to student and ready at a given moment to blow any one of them to pieces, was considered in Japan admirable training to steady the nerves of a fighting man.—Success for November.

BILL NYE ON WHISKY.

In his reply to a Wisconsin youth who asked if Kansas was a good state in which to start another drug store, Bill Nye's reply was:

"If you mean by the drug business the sale of sure-enough drugs I would not go to Kansas. If it is the great burning desire of your heart to go into a town of 2000 people and open the thirteenth drug store in order that you may stand behind a tall, black walnut prescription case day in and day out, with a graduate certificate in one hand and a Babcock fire extinguisher in the other, filling orders for whisky made out of stump-water and the juice of future punishment, you will do well to go to Kansas."

"It is a temperance state, and no saloons are allowed there. You can run a dummy drug store there with two dozen dreary old glass bottles, punctured by the hand of time and the Kansas fly of the period, and with a tall red barrel in the back room filled with a mixture that will burn great holes in nature's heart, and make the cemetery blossom as a rose, and in a few years you can sell enough of this poisonous preparation to fill your flabby pockets with wealth."

TIRED WOMEN

Women who are easily fatigued, tired, nervous or sleepless will derive great benefit from a few doses of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is a mild tonic for their various organs, and strengthens and stimulates them in the performance of their duties. Women everywhere who have tried it freely endorse it. It also cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Poor Appetite, Cramps and Sick Headache.

HOSTETTER'S

CALIFORNIA.

What other land can give us gifts like thine.
What other land unto the stars lifts high
Its mountain-walled, dome-carved Yosemite,

Whose falls seem dropping from the sky's blue deep;
With shining rainbows wrapped about their feet?
Thy cloudless skies! How bright their wondrous blue;
Thy high Sierras, Oh, how vast and grand!

A background for the world they seem to stand,
A rock-hewn firmament the gods might dare
To climb in silence to the upper air.
—Eliza J. Otis in San Francisco Star.

STORY OF THE FIGHT.

First—The fight is fixed.
Second—The scales are fixed.
Third—The public is fixed.

And, when it is all over,
The fighters are financially fixed.
—San Francisco Call.

At Chehalis, Wash., November 4, Arthur Holland shot and killed himself after an unsuccessful quest for his wife, whom he intended to kill.

A USE FOR EVERYTHING

Nothing Yet Ever Created Without a Purpose.

A THEORY DIFFICULT TO BE BELIEVED IN SOME INSTANCES.

Many Think Nature Might Have Been Improved Upon in Many Ways.

We all wonder why certain things were ever made, why certain animals or insects were allowed to live. And yet there is no doubt but that everything was intended for some purpose, and as civilization advances such purposes are discovered.

Cod liver oil is something that everybody knows to have been a wise provision of Providence, to be used as a medicine in all wasting diseases. Why nature should have appended to this valuable remedy its horrible odor and most terrible taste is also something that many have wondered at. But that was nature's way. She gave to man the crude material and has left it to his intelligence to overcome many of its objectionable features.

This is exactly what has happened in regard to cod liver oil. Everybody knows its value. Everybody knows how necessary it is for physicians to prescribe it in many instances. Everybody also knows that it is one of the most terrible medicines to take that can be imagined. There is no longer need of taking it; that is, in the form in which we have been accustomed to know it.

The Brock and McComas company, of this city, have associated themselves with a Boston house which is producing a preparation known as Vinol. This is not a patent medicine. Anyone may see, on the label of each bottle, or the Brock & McComas company will tell anyone who calls on them exactly what Vinol contains. As Mr. Brock, of the Brock & McComas company, explained yesterday: "We have simply found out how to extract the active medicinal principles from the cod's liver that has made cod liver oil valuable. This we may obtain in the form of a concentrated extract. The grease, with all its vile odor, is left behind. That, too, has its purposes. It is valuable for dressing leather, but as for its being good for man as a medicine, it is absolutely worthless."

"Now we take the medicine that we have obtained, or the concentrated medicinal properties of the cod's liver, and place just the right quantity of this extract in a delicious, mild table wine, and there you have the whole story. Anybody can learn in a minute that Vinol is tasteless. Anyone who is compelled to take cod liver oil, can find out in a few days how much more benefit can be derived from Vinol than could ever have been obtained from cod liver oil in its crude form."

The Brock & McComas company's enthusiasm in regard to Vinol is indeed well founded. The preparation which they are handling will be in a short time one of the best known in the world.



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Private rooms, elegantly furnished. Finely equipped operating room. Also Maternity Department.
Every convenience necessary for the care of the sick.
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K. J. Taylor, Lessee and Mgr.

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Lincoln J. Carter's Great Spectacular Production

The Heart of Chicago

ANOTHER BIG SUCCESS!

Elegant special scenery, wonderful mechanical devices, mysterious electrical effects, a vivid picture of the great fire.

SEE THE MARVELOUS APPROACHING TRAIN.

John T. Nicholson as John Ames

A powerful company introducing a splendid line of high-class specialties.

Prices 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00. Seats on sale Monday at Tallman's.

Five Nights, Commencing

Wednesday, Nov. 9th

MATINEE SATURDAY.

Wiedemann's Big Show

IN COMEDY DRAMA AND VAUDEVILLE.

OPENING NIGHT THE GREAT RUSSIAN DRAMA:

"MICHAEL STROGOFF"

Prices 15c, 25c and 35c.

Seats on sale Tuesday at Tallman's.



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Rock Spring Coal

Recognized as the best and most economical fuel. We are prepared to contract with you for your winter's supply. We deliver coal or wood to any part of the city.

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